

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

WILLIAMS & BROTHER,
Attorneys - at - Law.
WOODSTOCK, VA.

Practice in the Courts of Shenandoah,
Rockingham, Page, Frederick and War-
renton counties, also in the Court of Appeals
of Virginia and in the United States Dis-
trict Courts.

Special attention given to the col-
lection of claims. May 15, '94

W. H. ALEXANDER, M. B. WUNDER,
Winchester, Va. Woodstock, Va.

ALEXANDER & WUNDER
Attorneys-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
(Office in Court house yard.)

Prompt attention to all legal busi-
ness.

Alexander will attend regularly all
the county and circuit courts of Shenan-
doah county
Feb. 23 '94

M. L. WALTON, E. D. NEWMAN,
Winchester, Va. Woodstock, Va.

WALTON & WALTON
Attorneys-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VA.

Practice in all the Courts of Shenan-
doah and adjoining counties, in the Su-
preme Court of Appeals, and in the Cir-
cuit and District Courts of the United
States.

Special attention to collection of claims.
Oct. 20, '94

F. S. TAYLOR, J. M. BAUSERMAN,
Winchester, Va. Woodstock, Va.

TAYLOR & BAUSERMAN,
Attorneys-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VA.

July 21-14.

DR. W. S. CLINE,

Resident Physician.

Office and residence over Hickey's Store,
March 4-14.

DR. W. C. FORD

Has located in Woodstock and will prompt-
ly answer all calls.

Office at the residence of Mr. D. H.
Walton on Main Street.
May 8-14

HOLMES CONRAD, P. W. MAGRUDER,
CONRAD & MAGRUDER,

Attorneys - at - Law.
WOODSTOCK, VA.

Nov. 28, '90

D. C. O'FLAHERTY, M. J. FULTON,
O'FLAHERTY & FULTON,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
FRONT ROYAL, VA.

Practice in all the Courts and can meet
clients for consultation at Woodstock,
on Court day or at any time parties may
wish.

REFERENCES: Front Royal National
Bank, and Bank of Warren.
Jan. 4-14

DR. J. B. RUSH,

Dentist.

WOODSTOCK, VA.

Established in 1859. Office near City
House. Terms cash. May 2-14

DR. T. F. LOCKE,

Resident Dentist,

Office, Main St., Woodstock, Va.

Chloroform, ether and cocaine used
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Dec. 26-14

DR. J. M. BROWN,

Has resumed his practice at
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calls, from his old patrons in the Fort, on
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Mar. 26-14

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Shenandoah Herald.

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WOODSTOCK VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1898.

NO. 33.

Why I Lost Santiago de Cuba.

BY A CABLE OPERATOR.

I was the only American opera-
tor in Eastern Cuba in February
and March, 1898, which were very
busy months in the cable office at
Santiago, where I had been for
four years. In the early part of
1895 we seldom handled more than
30 messages a day, but after the
insurrection began the number rose
to 90 and 100 daily, increasing a
little every month.

The cable from Santiago to Spain
goes under sea first to Kingston,
Jamaica, thence to Puerto Rica,
thence to St. Croix and from there
to Paramaribo and Pernambuco in
Brazil. Cables from Pernambuco
cross the South Atlantic to St.
Vincent, Cape Verde islands, and
from St. Vincent other cables ex-
tend to Madeira, thence to Lisbon
and overlaid to Madrid. There is
also a direct cable from Perma-
maribo to St. Louis in Senegal,
Africa, and thence to the Canary
islands and Cadiz.

Beside myself, there was but
one other operator in the Santiago
office, Latin Merode, a young
Spaniard, who had learned cable
work at Lisbon. We thought that
100 messages daily made work
enough, but over 800 passed the
day after the Maine was blown up
in Havana harbor. Four more
operators were needed, and we
called to Havana for help; but no
notice was taken of our appeal, and
rather than desert our posts and
leave the company's business on-
done, we stayed night and day,
always hoping the pressure would
moderate.

One day we sent 13,742 words in
over 1100 gaspates, yet we were
two hours "back" at midnight, with
Havana fuming at us over the
land wire and still hurrying mes-
sages through the Cienfuegos cable.
There were Spanish government
cipher messages from Sagasta to
Blanco and Blanco's cipher to
Sagasta; reams of bombat from the
Cuban correspondents of The Im-
perial and Correo for Madrid,
followed by more cipher to Weyler
at Barcelona from his brother
officers at Havana, and then the
bankers and merchants quoting,
selling and ordering.

To add to our vexatious, the
mouse mill of the siphon recorder
gave trouble constantly, and the
clock work that carries the record
tape broke down every day or two.
Now a Spaniard is utterly with-
out native ingenuity. Merode was
a tolerably good operator, but
when it came to rectifying faults
of the instrument he was an in-
fant, and all such tasks fell on me.

Anything like clockwork I can
"tinker," but the mouse mill that
works the siphon pen is a very
delicate bit of mechanism, which
assists the faint electric impulses
that come great distances through
the cable to move the ink point of
the recorder to and fro on the tape.

I suppose I had taken the re-
cord tape clockwork and mouse
mill apart 20 different times, and
on the evening of the second of
April, after Merode relieved me, I
set to work to wind a new motor
coil for the mouse mill, which had
worked so very badly all day that,
rather than struggle with it longer,
I had determined to sit up all night
and build a new mill.

The cable-house at Santiago is a
most lonesome place, particularly
at night; but a Spanish sentin-
el was supposed to pass the door
every three minutes. These poor
fellows were rarely paid and often
looked in at the door to beg a
cigarette. So when the outside
door opened behind us that even-
ing, I supposed the incomer was
the sentin- el, and I did not even
look around till an amused voice
exclaimed: "Aha, senors! Buenos
noches!"

A Spanish sentin- el begging a
cigarette does not speak in that
tone, so Merode and I faced round
with a jump. There stood a rather
tall, good-looking young fellow, in
a white duck suit and white cap,
regarding us keenly; and a step
behind him was a typical Cuban
rebel—sombrero, long mustache
broad belt, long boots, revolver
and machete.

In an instant Merode was on his
feet and shouted, "Sentinel!" at
which our unexpected visitors
laughed good humoredly, and the
Cuban said: "I must beg the Senor
Telegrafista not to distress himself
concerning the worthy sentin- el, for
that watchful soldier is now lying
comfortably on his back outside,
with a gas in his mouth, and his
hands are tied to his feet."

"Well, who are you, and what do

you want here?" I exclaimed, in
Spanish.

The young man in white duck
laughed. "You are an American;
anybody could tell that by your
Spanish. Oh, I know about you.
Speak English."

"Certainly," I replied. "What do
you want here?"

"The news."

"What news?"

"Are the Spanish war-ships, Viz-
caya and Oquendo still at Puerto
Rico? Has the torpedo flotilla ar-
rived there, or has it gone to St.
Vincent, at Cape Verde?"

"It is contrary to the rules of the
cable company for me to give such
information," I replied. "B-sides,
all these Spanish government mes-
sages are in cipher, which I am
not supposed to know anything
about."

"Don't let the cipher trouble you,"
he replied, laughing. "I have the
key to their cipher all right."

"As to who I am," he continued,
"my name's Macomber. I am the
correspondent of the ————." He
named an American journal. "News
as to the whereabouts of the Span-
ish torpedo boats and those cruis-
ers would be valuable just now,
not only to my paper, but to the
American navy at Key West. Now
you are an American and a good
patriot, I dare say. Will you not
help us out?"

"I'm a good patriot," said I. "And
I am also an honest man, employ-
ed here to do a certain duty, which
I will not betray."

"You will not help me then?"
Very well, I shall examine your
tapes by force."

"It is not my business to fight
for Spain," said I. "I have no force
to resist you, but I will not help
you."

"Thanks. That's all I ask. Just
you sit quiet."

"Do you think you can read our
tapes?" I asked, incredulously.

"Sure. I was a cable operator
three years."

"But where did you get your
cipher key?"

"That's a matter that was arrang-
ed in Havana three months ago.
Your tape bobbins for the current
week are in the table drawer, I
presume."

"Look for yourself," I said. "But
my fellow-operator here is a Span-
iard. I do not speak for him."

"Senor Merode," I said in Spanish.
These gentlemen wish to see the
record tapes."

Merode had stood listening, mak-
ing out what we said with diffi-
culty. "None!" (Never!) he ex-
claimed, excitedly, and made a
jump for the big table drawer,
with some notion, I think, of de-
stroying the tapes. He was a strong
fellow, but the Cuban seized him
by the collar before he could open
the drawer, flung him violently
backward on the floor and drew
his machete.

"Don't hurt him, Luiz!" shouted
Macomber, and then, after a
steady glance at me, he stepped to
the drawer himself and took out
the rolls of tape.

"This will be a somewhat long
and tedious business," he remarked,
beginning to unroll one of them.

"You might help me, if you would;
but at least oblige me by turning
up the lamp a little and placing it
on the table here."

"Thanks," he went on, when I had
complied and began rapidly unroll-
ing the tape through his fingers.

He read well and fast, and his run-
ning comment amused me.

"Oh, this is a dandy siphon op-
erators, isn't it? What all your
mouse mill?" "Say, friend, your re-
cord here looks like the teeth of an
old duck back-saw." Your ink's
coagulated."

I sat back and quietly looked on.
Merode still lay on the floor. The
Cuban stood watching us both; if
Merode stirred, he shook his
machete at him. Thus, fully an
hour passed; it seemed much more
than an hour, indeed, before our
American visitor found what he
sought.

"Ah," he exclaimed at last. "Here
we are! So the Vizcaya and
Oquendo left Puerto Rico for St.
Vincent last Sunday. Good!
Blanco is informed that the tor-
pedo flotilla is going to St. Vincent,
too, instead of coming to Havana."

"That's all I wanted to know,"
he continued, turning to me. "Sor-
ry to leave your tapes in such a
mess, but I really cannot stop to
roll them up again, for I must be
well out to sea before daylight.
Obliged as now, both of you, by re-
maining quiet here after we bid
you good night."

But just then there was a new
noise outside. The door opening
to the street was flung back, and

there stood a Spanish lieutenant
from the fort, with half a dozen
soldiers at his back! For the
Spanish sentry—a boy of 18—
whom they had gagged and tied
up outside the house, had proved
more valuable than they had thought
him. He had worked himself loose
and had run to the fort for aid.

The Cuban turned instantly,
killed the lieutenant with a swing
of his machete and was at once
shot down by a soldier who fired
over the shoulder of his falling
officer.

Macomber showed better judg-
ment, if less courage; he dashed
the lamp out and grasped me by
the arm. Help me out," he said.

It would be difficult for anyone
to resist the appeal of a fellow-
countryman at such a time. While
the soldiers rushed in, tramping
and falling over the slain men and
Merode, I pulled the American af-
ter me through a door, back of
the tables, which opened into our
battery room. In this back room
was a window looking out on the
harbor side, from which Macomber
swung in an instant and decamped
without a word. I had time to get
forward into the cable room before
Merode, who had regained his
feet, struck a match and relighted
the lamp. Oh the gruesome
spectacle which the light revealed
I will not speak.

After the manner of Spanish
justice, both Merode and myself
were put under arrest, pending an
investigation, which showed that
neither of us knew anything about
the affair. Yet the commandant
at Santiago suspected that I had
planned it and sent me under ar-
rest to Havana, by steamer, the
following evening.

I expected to remain in Las
Cabinas for the rest of my days,
but was dismissed without trial
the second day after arriving there
and left Havana along with 180
Americans on the following Sun-
day.—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

A REMARKABLE CURE OF
CHRONIC DIARRHOEA.

In 1862, when I served my coun-
try as a private in Company A,
167th Pennsylvania Volunteers, I
contracted chronic diarrhoea. It
has given me a great deal of trou-
ble ever since. I have tried a
dozen different medicines and
several prominent doctors without
any permanent relief. Not long
ago a friend sent me a sample bot-
tle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera
and Diarrhoea Remedy, and after
that I bought and took a 50 cent
bottle; and now I can say that I
am entirely cured. I cannot be
thankful enough to you for this
great Remedy, and recommend it
to all suffering veterans. If in
doubt write me. Yours gracefully,
Henry Steinberger, Allentown,
Pa. Sold L. R. Irwin.

Kerlick—Young Browne ad-
dressed the 'e' to his name after he
inherited his uncle's big fortune.
Fosdick—That's quite right. Rich
people are entitled to more ease
than poor people.

Tetter, Salt-Rheum and Eczema.

The intense itching and smarting in-
cident to these diseases is instantly allayed
by applying Chamberlain's Eye and
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have been permanently cured by it. It
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a favorite remedy for sore nipples,
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Dr. Cady's Condition Powders are
just what a horse needs when in bad
condition. Tonic, blood purifier and
vermifuge. They are not food, but
medicine and the best in use to put a
horse in prime condition. Price 25
cents per package.

Carrie—Did John come up very
close to you when he proposed?
May—Well, I hope you don't think
he went across the street and
shouted his love over to me.—
Standard.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The
Famous
Cathartic
of
J. C. H. Fletcher

Sh—When you married me you
said you were well off. It—was,
but I didn't know it.—Tit-Bits.

"Were you a guest at the hotel
while you were away, Blodgett?"
"Guest? Not much. I paid cash."—
Chicago Record.

"Say, what would you do if you
had a skeleton in your closet?" "The
best thing to do is to make no
bones of it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Boy Joe—Why are you consult-
ing the dictionary? I thought you
knew how to spell! "Quinn—I do,
I am not looking for information,
but for corroboration."

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The
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On the Second Day
At San Juan.

CURIOUS OBSERVATION BY A ROUGH
RIDER ON HOW IT FEELS TO
BE SHOT DEAD.

How it feels to be shot dead is
the subject of some rather curious
observations on the part of a
trooper of Roosevelt's regiment,
which was intended to be made
up of rough riders, but from
forces of circumstances has been
transformed into an organiza-
tion of rough walkers since it has
been in Cuba. This particular
trooper has been in the thick of
the fighting all the time and he re-
lates his most peculiar experience
in a letter recently received by a
friend in this city.

"Tolstol doesn't know anything
about being shot dead," he writes.
"In that description he gives me's
away off. There's altogether too
much of it. He never went through
it, so how should he know? The
real thing is very short and simple;
anybody could do it. This is how
I came to know all about it. It was
the second day at San Juan, and
my troop was stretched out at full
length on its very much attend-
ed stomach shooting over the top of
the hill. The Spanish were also do-
ing all the shooting that seemed to
us necessary, and my own notion
was that any of us who got out
whole would be mighty lucky, for
the Spanish aim may be bad, but
there is a whole lot of people in
this vicinity who wish it were a
darn sight worse, the under-
standing among the number."

"The chap on my left was close
up to me and firing fast, getting
up on one knee each time he let
off and then dropping back for a
few seconds. Bullets were drop-
ping all around, and so were men,
and I had spotted one Spaniard
who seemed to be responsible for
a lot of it. Well, I was just getting
a good bead on him when it hap-
pened. There was a sudden shock
that didn't seem to strike any
place in particular on my head, but
all over it. My teeth ground to-
gether and my eyes tried to get
out of their sockets and escape, and
no wonder, for my head was full
of flames. Then everything went
black and I felt myself falling."

"That's the end of me," I
thought to myself before I lapsed
into total blackness, and as I re-
member it didn't care a snap.

"After that I rolled down the
hill. It might have been any
length of time for all I knew when
consciousness began to return. I
wondered what world I was in and
reckoned that I ought to have a
pair of wings of one kind or an-
other on my shoulders. It was
something of a surprise to me to
find that there were none there,
but my dismal suspicion that
maybe I had gone wrong was tol-
lowed by a surmise that I was still
in the land of the living. But I
had felt that bullet go through my
head, and I couldn't figure what
right I had to be alive at all. Be-
sides, it was no fun, for I had a
headache that you couldn't have
crowded into a beer barrel. As
soon as I found I could move I felt
around for the bullet hole, but
couldn't find it. While I was still
searching and getting pretty mad
over it (not being able to find an
escaped collar button is nothing to
not being able to find a mortal
wound in your own head) a coup
of fellows came along, picked me
up, and poured some water over me."

"Look out," I said; "it'll get in o
my brain," and I explained about
the wound."

"They explored, and they
couldn't find any hole, either, and
that made me madder than ever,
for a bullet that goes clean through
a man without leaving any open-
ing to show for it is robbing him
of the glory of dying for his coun-
try. All the time my head was
feeling like the inside of a mince
pie, but I finally crawled back to
the living line, and there they told
me what had happened. The chap
on my left, in rising to fire, had
got a Mauser bullet through his
heart, and in falling had swung
his gun with great force over in
my direction. The butt caught me
completely out. I've got a lump
there now like the end of a squab."

"But it's a great thing to have
had the experience of being shot
dead without compelling your
family to go into mourning."—
N. Y. Sun.

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CASTORIA

THE HAND OF CHRIST

DR. TALMAGE TELLS WHAT IT WROTE
IN THE DUST.

The Great Preacher Denounces Hypocrisy.
Shows the Injustice of Condemning It
Woman Sins That Are Overlooked In
Man's—Christ's Judgment of the Outcast.

(Copyright, 1898, by American Press Asso-
ciation.)

WASHINGTON, July 31.—In this dis-
course Dr. Talmage gives heroic treat-
ment of a delicate subject, and applies
to modern society the lesson taught by
Christ on a memorable occasion; text,
John viii, 6, "Jesus stooped down and
with his finger wrote on the ground."

You must take your shoes off and put
on the special slippers provided at the
door if you would enter the Mohammed-
an mosque which stands now where
once stood Herod's temple, the scene of
my text. Solomon's temple had stood
there, but Nebuchadnezzar had thud-
dered it down. Zerubbabel's temple had
stood there, but that had been prostrated.
Now we take our places in a temple
that Herod built, because he was
fond of great architecture, and he want-
ed the moving temples to seem insignif-
icant. Perchance of ten modern catho-
drams together, and they would not
equal that structure. It covered 19
acres. There were marble pillars sup-
porting roofs of cedar and silver tables,
on which stood golden cups, and there
were carvings and inscriptions resplend-
ent, glittering balustrades and orna-
mented gateways. The building of
this temple kept 10,000 workmen busy
46 years.

In this stupendous pile of pomp and
magnificence sat Christ, and a listening
crowd stood about him when a wild
disturbance took place. A group of men
are pulling and pushing along a woman
who had committed a crime against so-
ciety. When they have brought her in
front of Christ, they ask that